

Slow Down (Doin' Too Much)

Problem

Ohhhh, ohhhh

Girl I was thinking you should pull up
Last night I got so drunk I fucked around and threw up
Last time you came through we ain't do nothin'
Told me slow down on them drugs I be doin' too much
Told me slow down on them drugs I be doin' too much
Told me slow down with the money I be spendin' too much
Mix that Mombay with Tampico yeah I call that gym punch
Eat that pussy in the mornin', eat that pussy for lunch

(Got a bitch from the Chi, put her on some lean
I might hit that shit raw if the pussy clean)
Young bitch eat that dick, she a fuckin' fiend
Got my iPhone on, we gon' make a scene
Smokin' weed by the pound, all my cars clean
All my broads mean
Ain't no pain, ain't no gain
Take this dick not partially
Chauffer get that car for me
Only get that bomb for me
I got two spanish hoes, wasn't even hard for me
She gon' make it hard for me, she gon' take it off for me
She be grabbin' on this dick and got on no drawers for me
Fuck her all up in her crib, my dick caught a card for me
Put it on the wall for me
She be comin' hard for me, bitch

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Smoked a joint of Louie then get passed out
Had them booty shorts on with your ass out
Woke you up, you know I had to go for round two
I lick it good, I make you come, I ate it right, I do
I like to get on top
Ride it like a Harley
Light skin with a body
Blue dot with the Molly
Make her get exotic
I think that I think that a G code

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All I see is pussy on the floor
Pussy on the wall, got more pussy at the door
And niggas be poppin' up, leave that pussy at the door
I even gon' tell 'em you like pussy on the low
Who with them shits?
I'm off them grits
No eggs, we tossed
fuck my faults
I came with lions
I came with wolves
You came at midnight
I left in coupes
Long nights, early days
Clean cut, razor fades
Diamond lane, Taylor Gang
Run the world, I run the bay
What? What? What?
I love eatin' pussy off a P
If it's up to me I be fuckin' all three
I see ya

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I had to tell a bitch, look here bitch my love is like a hotel. Know I'm sayin'? You gon' come here check in for a minute and I'm a check you out in the motherfuckin' mornin' and it better be before motherfuckin' housekeepin' get here which means a whole 'nother situation gon' show up

And bitch you ain't gettin' no God damn room service, you ain't worked hard enough to leach around this motherfucker, you know I'm sayin'? Bitch wanna leach around this motherfucker gotta work hard in the God damned kitchen. This is a nice hotel hate when my motherfuckin' love, get on the elevator go to the top floor God damn it, pimpin' hoes also P H. Welcome to hotel love bitch now check the fuck out, send another bitch upstairs, the room key ain't gonna work tomorrow